

ovo. While milling around at Smith hall, when (once again "Lo and Behold") Jon Beck Shank, Philadelphian, and of whom I heard for the last time while still in Fairhope, Ala., came up to speak to me. A small world, indeed! Jon has achieved fame as a poet and is considered the foremost of the "war generation". He is a critic of poetry whose reviews on poetry appear in many magazines.

My three weeks at Brigham Young University in Provo, were enjoyable, educational and ones that afforded new experiences. The one new experience which thrilled me particularly was my first try at horse-back riding — two two-hour periods. Mrs. Benson, of the Phys. Ed. Dept. was the person responsible for this experience. She is quite a woman at "horsemanship", and she also knows the steepest trails and narrowest ledges in the mountains which often were wont to cause my heart to grow faint, but it was a thrill nevertheless. It reminded me of the "Wild West" movies — minus the shooting.

Utah's beauty is rugged. Snow-capped mountains are ever in view around Provo and Salt Lake City. The canyons which cut through the mountains, are picturesquely enchanting. Rapids whose waters are clear and cold, rush past woodlands of aspens and spruce. In these cool canyons the urbanites come to refresh themselves, picnicking, fishing and just plain loafing. For two Canyon picnics I'm grateful to Mrs. Helen Anderson of Salt Lake City and to Harris Virginia and her dad of Bingham Canyon with whom I picnicked during the afternoon in the afternoon in the Cotton-wood Canyon, while in the evening, in the company of the McTagues, Arringtons and Bensons we had a picnic in honor of Dr. Leona Holbrook, in the Provo Canyon. With the later named and a few others we had a picnic a week earlier high on the Rock Canyon mountains which afforded one of the most intriguing views of the Utah valley, river Jordan and the mountains beyond it.

The Mormons are a friendly and industrious group of people. They are firm in their religious convictions but not fanatic. Their rites are devoid of ritual save for the communal sacrament which is passed around to the congregation and consists of broken up bits of bread and tiny cups of water (Mormons do not drink either wine, tea or coffee). Their hymns are melodic and attractive to the ear and are sung with far greater sincerity than in other Protestant churches. It also seems to be the only church which appeals and attracts young people. No other church can make such a claim — this excludes the University ward, which naturally, has young people only.

A thing that surprises me greatly was when one of elders, during the announcement periods of the services, read a bishopric letter, and instead of the expected statement what a second collection will be for, as is the case in other churches, the letter urged to keep flower gardens and beautify lawns. That explained why Mormon cities are so neat and trim, why their homestead and front lawns sparkle with a riot of color. The roses of Utah are something that no Easterner would ever believe possible. The scent of the rose, sweet-pea and other nectariferous flowers continually fill the air.

Previously I was under the impression that Mormonism attracted a Anglo-Celtic group, to my surprise I found a predominance of Scandinavians. Some communities are exclusively Danish, Swedish and Norwegian. At the university I also met my first Polynesians and Melanesians, such as Fijis, Samoans, Madris and others. At one of the firesides which was sponsored by the

ful missionaries of the Pacific Islands, I heard for the first time their languages and a Maori dance beautifully presented by the missionaries.

In this last and least expected place I also met a Lithuanian student. I practically jumped out of my skin when a lad uttered to me in Lithuanian: "Kaip tau einasi?" (How goes it with you?). For a second this sentence placed me in a stupor and thought I was dreaming, but there he was, all six-foot and 200 pounds of him, Edmund Mikalonis from Lewiston, Maine. From then on we spoke only in Lithuanian and his speech was as excellent as could be. "Kur Mus Nera?" (And where couldn't we be found?).

Arden Johnson, Minnesotan folk dancer and editor of their ROUNDUP, arrived on June 30th in his brand new Chevy, and from then on we were traveling in style. Before leaving Provo, I wish to extend my profoundest gratitude to Dr. Leona Holbrook for the wonderful friendship and concern extended to me. A sincere thank you to Mrs. Benson for the opportunity of learning horse-back riding and to Dr. and Mrs. Hart. I also enjoyed meeting many new friends. Besides the above mentioned, the Copes, Bliss, Jensen, Arrington, Hermansen, Spener, and all other wonderful folks. Pasimatysim next year.

Wyoming:

Bugs and Seven Wonders, Both In The Millions.

On July 1st, Arden and I set out for the long trek that took us on a cross-continental tour. We first stopped over at Bingham Canyon to see the world largest open-pit copper mine and from for a dip and float in the Salt Lake, which proved to be an exciting experience. One can't sink no matter how hard he tried. Swimming would be easy enough if one would learn to keep his mouth shut, as well as his eyes and nose. It was fun. After the swim we did a bit of sightseeing in Beautiful Salt Lake City and at six we met our Boise, Idaho friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, who took us for a Smorgasbord at the Beau Brummell. We left the same evening and stopped over night in Logan, which, like all other Mormon towns, was neat and trim.

The trip from Logan to Bear Lake covered an inspiring stretch. When we reached the summit the view over the Bear Lake Valley was beautifully exciting. In the mountains and the valley, the July, Spring was in its prime. The hill-sides were carpeted with a profusion of bloom of delicate hues and the lilacs were only then in bloom. I felt, as if the spring which was cheated away from me in Chicago (there never was a spring in that city — just plain miserable weather), was held over for me in the mountains of Utah.

We cut through a corner of Idaho and as we entered Wyoming, on the very exact border line, we were met by a swarm of bugs in the trillions! It showered with bugs and the statement can't be over exaggerated. When we reached the nearest town we found our radiator thick with a layer of several inches of bugs while the entire frontage of the car was one bloody mess. I've seen Wyoming on its whole Eastern, Southern and now western length and about decided that Wyoming should be dropped from the American Union of States, but as we neared the Tetons and Yellowstone I altered slightly my rash opinion.

We entered Yellowstone through the South Entrance. With passed through vountry stretching along the Majestic Grand Tetons in their lofty glory with its snow covered crest gleaming in the brightness of the sun.

The visit to Yellowstone was to me one of the exciting thrills. I've seen more "wonders of the world" that I had dare dream about. One could hardly dare imagine that there could be so much in so compact a territory. Old Faithful, erupting every 63 minutes, is but one of the wonders. There are ten thousand geysers and hot springs of every type, description, hue and size. Geysers that spouted to tremendous heights, unique directions or tremendous widths. Bottomless wells of translucent greens, blues, golds and other colors. Bubbling ponds and belching springs, roaring mountains and a fuming earth. It took one back to a period of pre-history when, as one would now imagine, the world was cooling off and taking its shape. Tho what we saw was confined to small areas, but it gave one a good idea how infernal the world must have been in its formative stage. Some of the beauty was awful while others were just simply awful. There were also light moments — such as watching the playful bears who came up to the cars and stick their heads into the car begging for some "nash". We circled the entire park and the drive was one of continuous beauty. Often we reached dizzying heights and overlooking beautiful rolling verdant valleys of fir trees. Gorges and narrows in whose beds rapids sped to a roaring waterfall. Placid lakes of whose surface mirrored the surrounding panorama. Every inch reflected God's glory and majesty.

While in Yellowstone we stopped over at the architecturally unique Old Faithful Inn built in the ancient Norse style and within easy reach of a great many of the rare sights. After two days of sightseeing, a very inadequate period, we continued our trip leaving the park on the west side.

Idaho: spuds, Sage and Jack Rabbits.

Our next destination was Boise, Idaho. We traveled through the Southern section of the state along the Snake river. "IdanHa" may be the "Gem of the Hills" but much of it (if not most) is just plain desert country of sage brush and killed jack-rabbits by speeding cars. There were stretches, like from Twin Falls (where we slept over night) to Boise, where on the average of 50 feet (and perhaps even oftner) a crushed rabbit ground to nothing lay on the road. Perhaps that's a new "nature's way" of keeping the rabbits down to a point where they wouldn't be pests, for, the parts of Idaho that are cultivated could have been easily taken over by them.

That Idaho is a potato state was evident everywhere not only by the large tracts of potato fields but also by the potato storage cellars. Onions and sugar beets were the other two crops much in evident.

I likewise admired the sense of humor of the Idahoan state government. Every so many miles a poster in large letters bore a legend: "Have you a reservation? Or, aren't you an Indian?", "If you are tired let your wife drive." While passing through a rock-strewn field one poster declared: Take some petrified watermelons for mother-in-law". Every poster afforded a new smile. One needed something on that order while driving through the tiring terraine of Idaho.

The approach to Boise was a delightful sight after miles of sage brush and dead rabbits. The city was well named: "Le Boise" is the French for "The Forests", and indeed, looking down into the verdant valley along the Boise river, only the capital dome is seen, while the city lies hidden under a thick blanket of green foliage, like an oasis in a desert.

Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cummings, were our gracious hosts whose hos-

pitality we greatly enjoyed. Boise is a square Dance city. We found the same to be true of Oregon and Washington. In Boise, and as well as in all the subsequent places, the people accepted their introduction to the folk dance with a marked enthusiasm.

Washington State and Seattle, the Sound Queen.

From Boise we headed for Wala Wala via Oregon. The Umtilla forest region and the descent toward Pendleton was another of the delightful scenic sights. Our "home" was with the Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bachtolds of Dayton, Wash., 30 miles northeast of Wala Wala. In that part of Washington, even the hills are well tilled and cultivated. It was pea harvest time in the entire area and the countryside was busy with the pea thrashing. We had a dance session on the Whitman College grounds and the evening was shared between Arden and myself. We spent three days with the Bachtolds (Erna is a former Minnesota folk dancer).

The most interesting observation of my Dayton-Walla Walla visit was the seeing of a pea harvest and its complete process to the point of the peas being ready to serve at the table. The Bachtolds took me to the immense pea fields where machines harvested and others loaded upon trucks who took them over to the viners where it was thrashed and winnowed, then to the factory where it was washed, graded, cooked, steamed, canned, sealed, labeled, packed — peas in the trillions with never a human (barely) touching it. Most fascinating. Thanks to the Bachtolds for this opportunity.

After Walla Walla came Zillah and Yakima. It is very interesting to note how certain sections of a valley or country are more conducive to the growth of certain grain, fruit or vegetable. In the Yakima valley we pass areas where nothing but hops grew, or else it was apples, or vineyards, peaches, pears, cherries, etc.

We stopped off for the first night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Dunne and their children, in Zillah. The second night we stayed in Yakima. Joe Gleason took us for a tour through the Yakima mountains and valleys. We enjoyed our brief visit in that section and the hospitality of the Dunes. To the Dunes and to Joe Gleason we are grateful for the pleasant stay. I was pleasantly surprised of the presence of a Lithuanian woman, Mrs. (nee Cirtautas) Turnbull, altho intermarried and remote from Lithuanians, spoke beautifully Lithuanian and dances a real excellent and mean Polka.

Our next stop was Okanagon and Omak, way up north near the Canadian border. We stopped off for supper at the home of the folk dance leader of that section, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Boyer and family who live on the lands of an Indian reservation. After the class we stayed over night on top of a high hill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bershears, folks who treated us wonderfully. From there, via immense Coulee Dam and the Dry Falls. The Latter named was once a huge water fall which some centuries ago went dry. Only the bed of a huge wide river and the great heights of the drop, much taller than Niagara, with little azure lakes here and there, is all that remains. One must employ his imagination to visualize a majestic glory which is no more. We finally, after passing Snoqualmie pass, descended upon hilly and intriguing Seattle, going directly to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Salladay who were our most gracious hosts during the ensuing ten days.

Our ten days in Seattle were gloriously happy ones. We had successful classes in Burian, Seattle itself, Kirkland, University of Washington, Blackburn, Tacoma (30 miles south) and Enumclaw. We were graciously enter-